



SCUM MANIFESTO

VALERIE SOLANAS

INTRODUCTION BY AVITAL RONELL

"Articulate, angry and funny." *Guardian*

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**DEVIANT PAYBACK:
THE AIMS OF VALERIE SOLANAS**

AVITAL RONELL

In 1968 Jacques Derrida brought out his pathbreaking essay, “The Ends of Man,” and Valerie Solanas began earnestly distributing *SCUM Manifesto*.¹ In June of that year she gunned down Andy Warhol as he was speaking on the telephone. These events may seem miles apart on the cultural shock charts, yet they are linked in ways that urge us to reflect on their ineluctable contiguities. Both Derrida and Solanas are interested in the aims and finality of the concept “man.” Admittedly, that may be where their improbable rendezvous ends, somewhere on an existential corner of 1968, situated among the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., Fred Hampton, and Bobby Kennedy, at the moment they shared the beat of a feverishly agitated Zeitgeist. This was the moment in any case when “man,” getting a political pounding, was up against the philosophical wall and steadily losing ground. Derrida, conceptually fitted for the job, was concerned with the excess of man, which Solanas, we could say, enacted. Where he exposed the Greek ideal of *anthropos*, she went for the jugular of referential man, busting through layers of philosophical history to put out her own “ends of man,” her own limit case of the classical unity of man.

More than anything else, Valerie Solanas wanted to be a writer. When she couldn’t distribute her work, she went after metonymies of her declared targets. But now I am shooting off too rapidly. Let us back down in order to get a sense of Valerie Solanas and the nonplace that she rigorously occupies. Barely representable or representative, she was a speck and spectre on the margins of extremist writing. Her texts were loaded with irony yet pointed at the real. Confined to the precincts of parasitical utterance, she adopted the language of a pest, plugging the kind of speech that counters while resembling hate speech. Strangely, she was meant to

ride the dark side of a fore-closive wave, opening up a field of startling intensities by saying the unspeakable and then vanishing with the near notarization of what she had dared to say. She was on the verge of instituting her sexual hermeneutics, at least in terms of language games. But Solanas was not about to acknowledge her part or participation in any male-driven language game. Perhaps it would be helpful to allow that she had positioned herself on the other side of hate speech. When launching a verbal assault she struck where no terror had been located. Or, the terror against which she set up her linguistic shop had not been heeded, addressed. Not even recognized: “Most philosophers, not quite so cowardly [as most men], face the fact that male lacks exist in men, but still can’t face the fact that they exist in men only. So they label the male condition the Human Condition; pose their nothingness problem, which horrifies them, as a philosophical dilemma” (53).

So. Sometimes you have to scream to be heard. This is what Heidegger says regarding Nietzsche in *What Is Called Thinking?*² Nietzsche, the shiest and most quiet of men had to **scream**, instituting the famous inscribing/cry – the *schreiben/schrei*, *cri/écrit* or *gritto/escrito* – with which philosophy must evermore contend. The subtitles will come in handy later in our discussion of Solanas’s foreign currency. The game suspended, language falters, starts sputtering, turns into a cry. Interestingly, when Heidegger in Lecture V of *Thinking?* has him screaming – the translation came out also in 1968 – he also has Nietzsche figured as a woman, even momentarily as a scolding mother. The passage to transgendered Nietzsche is sudden; it occurs without transition or argument. Miss Nietzsche is suddenly screaming. We do not have to get into the particulars of his philosophical sex change at this point, but only to retain the feminization that occurs, even to Friedrich Nietzsche, when a thinker must scream to get her thoughts across. A voice carries over the recalcitrant expanse. When the rules are bent and the thinking field is not level – a constitutive predicament for the girlie-men at the writing desk – an inscribing/cry gets transmitted across the desert of unheeding. If you are pegged as a woman your scream might be noted as part of an ensemble of subaltern feints – the complaint, the nagging, the picking, the chatter, the nonsense by which women’s speech has been largely depreciated or historically tagged.³ Other quasi-linguistic worlds open up in this space, springing from the noncanonized tropes of

moaning and bitching. Few would want to scan the realm of garbled language games.

Scouring the hetero-rhetorical unconscious of the social milieux through which she ventured, Valerie Solanas found herself disabled by the very fact of language, by its phallic lures and political usages, by its disturbing record in the human sciences and liberal arts – by the mere fact of its incessant institutional collaborations. Maybe she exploited the failed performative for all its worth, knowing all along that failure was a matter only of degree. Who, besides the occasional psychoanalyst, imagined themselves not to fail in the domain of fateful utterance? Judith Butler has devoted the book, *Excitable Speech*, to a wide range of linguistic vulnerabilities. At one point she explains the stakes besetting one who tries to hit a linguistic target. When I say, “I condemn you,” Butler writes, should I not be “in a position to have my words considered as binding[;] then I may well have uttered a speech act, but the act is in Austin’s sense, unhappy or infelicitous: you escape unscathed.”⁴ In some ways, Solanas shows up as a victim of the failed performative, as one who felt her verbal velocities could reach no one in a way that would truly mark or unhinge the brutal protocols of lived reality. At the same time, Valerie Solanas, who took no prisoners, took pleasure in the injurious effects of language and, with Lacanian precision, understood that words are bodies that can be hurled at the other, they can land in the psyche or explode in the soma. A hurtful utterance can give you hives, make you want to throw up, put a dent in your appetite, or summon up any number of somatic responses and physical collapses.

Tripping over the pitfalls that await any speech act, the *Manifesto* nonetheless seeks to make itself binding; the fervent hope – that we would be bound by its effects – appears to indicate the scope of its dilemma. Valerie wanted to draw a contract, the urgency of which was to be impressed upon any number of potential signatories. She took her petition, her social contract, to the streets – something Rousseau had done when he was cooking up his revolution. Like all social contracts, it had an anti-social edge. But this was different, to say the least, though it participated in the destructive demands of prior manifestos. One thinks of the Futurist Manifesto with its uncringing attack on women: “We will glorify war – the world’s only hygiene – militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom-bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for woman ... We will destroy ... feminism.”⁵ Maybe the Solanas tract was payback; it

was clocked to strike the time of response to all shameless woman-hating manifestos and their counterparts, the universalizers. No matter how you cut it, universal – whether common or communist – meant “man.” Solanas was intent on ending it and tightening the noose around the finitude of man.

As concerns her relation to “The Ends of Man” we could say that Derrida cautions against the unabating adherence to the figure of man in contemporary philosophy, hinting at the calamity of translating *Dasein* into man, centering everything on anthropological man – something that even existentialists such as Sartre, among others, were responsible for upholding. Valerie was fuming. From her locked ward at Bellevue Hospital that summer of 1968, Solanas takes a potshot at Sartre. Comparing herself to Jean Genet, whom she believes herself to top in terms at least of writerly social commitment, she exclaims: “Genet just reports, despite what Sartre and De Beauvoir, two overrated windbags, say about the existential implications of this work. I, on the other hand, am a social propagandist.”⁶ At least we know that there was a French track running in her head, and it wasn’t chirping Edith Piaf.

Solanas herself, through all sorts of detours and grammatical aberrations, was bent on showing through her writings and actions that the presumed unity of man was a dangerous fiction. Sometimes she would escape the fictional layerings, as if she had forgotten, and upset herself with real, particularized men (who themselves weren’t so real as all that). There were moments when she disclaimed the acronymization of her title, refuting that it stood for “Society for the Cutting Up of Men”. A mere “literary device” and belated add-on, the gloss on SCUM permitted the title to pass into other languages with annihilating precision: *Manifest der Gesellschaft zur Vernichtung der Männer* (1969), *Manifesto de la Organización para el Exterminio del Hombre* (1977), *Manifesto per l’eliminazione dei maschi* (1994), and whatever it says to the same effect in Czech (1998). The only break in the exterminating inflection of the presumptive title occurs in the French rendering: *L’Unique et son ombre* (1987). With the exception of the French, then, SCUM, or rather the extraction, “Cutting Up,” has been translated bluntly as extermination, annihilation, elimination.

One cannot deny the pernicious soundtrack that Solanas lays down in her text – on every interpretable level there are indexes of rage, murderous intention, finality and telic purpose. There was androphobic noise at every turn. At the same time there is evidence of other sound tracks that run

interference with the dominant tones and semantic registers of the text's purported meaning. There are orchestrated slippages, unstoppable flipside, countermanding orders, measured contradictions, internal freakouts and logical insurrections. Valerie steers clear of replicating masculinist topoi and the simple call to arms with which we might associate other historically outraged petitions. Instead, she introduces static and interference to bear on every possible referential stronghold without, however, loosening her grip on the troubled signifiers she has in her sights: Man, Father, State, Money. Models melt, offering no solid grounding for the expression of outrage. Revolution is itself tainted by the insufficiency of the signifier, the corruption of male-marked colonizations of language. "No genuine social revolution can be accomplished by the male ... The male 'rebel' is a farce" (54). Still, the revolutionary and rebel start out and up as "male." In terms of her sense of slippage, Valerie Solanas runs with the best of them. None of these terms stick, which is why she remains a chronic misfirer.

What I mean by "she runs with the best of them" is that Solanas, part of whose pain grows out of a disturbed relationship to higher education, matches prints with those who situate the father as primal enemy (Freud, et al.), paternity as fiction (Derrida, et al.), gender as part of a performative effort (Butler, et al.), capital flow as a traumatic historical outbreak (Goethe, Marx, Deleuze, et al.), and so on and so forth. She even installs a theory of *unworking* that matches up with some of Nancy's appropriations of Bataille that track the implications of *désœuvrement*. Though she notoriously packs style in the mode of derangement, loading up on anger and furious rounds of righteousness, Solanas also carries theoretical issues to their assigned limits. This was not necessarily her intention or wish – to score theoretical points – but alongside her stubborn destitution and injured denunciations, Valerie manages to pick off the crucial themes associated with the dominion of phallogocentrism. Interestingly, she mobilizes science and puts technology on her side. ("The male changes only when forced to do so by technology, when he has no choice" (55).) Even her struggle with authorship reflects a properly Foucauldian or Barthesian struggle with the death of a species: the author, the low tech writing apparatus that came up against the reproductive panache of the Warhol machine.⁷

It would be unwarranted to turn Valerie Solanas into a blindingly lucid catalogue of contemporary theoretical thought; at the same time, however, it would be ignorant to disavow what made her language, her appeal, her

compulsive effacement, burdened confusion and Hegelian struggle for recognition possible. Whether Solanas knowingly climbed into the think tank with the rest of them is immaterial. She borrowed the language and flashed the enduring complicities of urgent philosophical concerns. She was “inscribed” and as such took to the margins of major philosophemes or writers’ blocs. She belongs with them, even if only as a limping straggler and wounded anomaly. The questions for us today might be: What made it possible for Valerie Solanas to shoot off the way she did? Why is she rebounding and returning now, in arguably the most masculinist-imperialist phase of the American world takeover? and, Where do we locate her – how and when does she arrive?

Despite communitarian insinuations I might have made, at least on the level of philosophical complicities or networks, Valerie Solanas was a loner. There is something poignantly American about the way she handled the self-acknowledged loser life with which she was saddled. One thinks of the petitions and complaints of the solitary ranters for whom missives and missiles collapse into an indissociable, deadly mission. Lacking the elegance or cultural legitimacy of a subcommandante Marcos, a Weatherman or a proponent of the civil rights movement, the so-called Unabomber, David Koresh and Solanas are more vagabond, unmoored and alone with their inscriptions, offering a spare cluster of more de-institutionalized and depopulated “revolutionaries.” In the case of Valerie Solanas her fringe existence was part of the package deal of untimely impacts, aspects of which derive from Stonewall (1969) and other American inventions of resistance. Valerie was not meant to have disciples or spawn a new breed of revolutionaries. She offered the uniquely American dead-end-one-warrior-revolution spinning on its own determined axis. She had no followers. She arrives too late or too early on every scene. Who needed a runaway Hothead Paisan, the comic strip lesbian avenger, in the summer of ’68? Who cared about her target practice and rage against Great Art when King and Bobby and Malcolm X were being slaughtered – or for that matter, when women for the first time were protesting the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City? Narrowing the focus considerably, who in the Factory needed a scriptwriter and editor when Andy Warhol was improvising and producing no edit, uncut, no budget filmage? Moreover, Valerie, a creature of the theater, was seeing her dramatic investments obsolesced by the technologies

under Warhol's control. She was never on time or on target, yet something keeps seeking points of contact, keeps coming through.

Something always came through in a garbled sort of way. When she was arrested for shooting Warhol and critic Mario Amayo she was declared, with some confusion, a very important feminist – she was bolstered by NOW and represented by radical feminist lawyer Florynce Kennedy who called her “one of the most important spokeswomen of the feminist movement.”⁸ Ti-Grace Atkinson, the New York Chapter president of NOW said at the court appearance that Solanas was the “first outstanding champion of women's rights.”⁹ Her then kind-of boyfriend, Mark Motherfucker, member of *Up Against the Wall, Mother Fucker*, staged street theater, a “happening,” on her behalf, trying to rally some troops. But, to return to the poor timing that appeared to define her, when Valerie Solanas was sentenced in the summer of 1969 to three years in jail, the news was reported deep in the remote pages of the *New York Times*, in an article that appeared adjacent to a notice addressed to city residents concerning a change in the summer garbage collection. The world was headlining other news. This may seem a sorry and sad fate for the woman declared by Norman Mailer to be “the Robespierre of feminism.”¹⁰ It was no less a disappointment for Mr. Warhol, who saw his near extinction miniaturized by world events. Seeing themselves thus reduced and compressed, both Andy and Valerie were in the dumps that summer. Still, the garbage pile is where we wanted to land: it is the place from which Solanas was signaling, culturally rummaging, the impossible place of an irremissable *litterature*. After all, one meaning of “scum” throws us into garbage and we do not want to lose a sense of the excremental site to which Solanas relentlessly points and from which she speaks.

Solanas affirms “scum” and resists the acronym that justifies such a degraded title – she locates her pathos and insight in SCUM, in what is less than minor or marginal, but functions as the residue for absolute abjection. There is still the matter of the status and problem of translating the title, riding the signifiers that furtively continue to promote even “man” by means of the *manifesto*. It is owing to the translations that we are confronted with the title's unreadability because even if we were to accede to the acronymic status of the title – despite the fact that marks of abbreviation, periods, are missing after each letter – “cutting up,” though

linking Solanas to Lorena Bobbitt,¹¹ flourishes polysemically and cannot be controlled solely by the nihilistic turn. “Cutting up” no doubt conjures castrative glee, insinuating carving up, morcellating men. Yet it also opens other semantic possibilities of which Valerie was fond: laughter, montage, editing. As Harron has argued, Solanas was engaged in a writer’s war of technologies, banging out her thoughts on an obsolescing typewriter. As a scientist – she began her doctoral work at the University of Minnesota, where she interned at an animal laboratory – she was interested in splicing, suturing, mutation, sectioning, experimental reconfiguring. All this goes to show that when Valerie Solanas makes her target of opportunity “man,” he is already something else, an other to man, cut up differently.

In fact, Solanas states that the principal mood or defining characteristic of SCUM is *impatience*. What she means by this declaration is that the mutation for which she agitates is already taking place: the collaboration of a biological imperative and technoscientific knowledge has made the disappearance of the classical unity of man inevitable. SCUM situates the bystander, the cheerleading squad that tries to promote the acceleration of an already historical eventuality unfolding in slo-mo. SCUM is a kind of receptor site: it has received the news of man’s demise and sets itself up as a broadcast system, signaling from the future of an enormous transmutation. Solanas punctuates her transmissions with laughter, breaking up totalities, bursting established social systems with the disruptive laugh that she calls SCUM *Manifesto*.¹² Echoing the laugh of the Medusa, she not so much (or only) poses herself as the agent of man’s demise, but witnesses the workings of an autoimmunitary apparatus that is responsible for the elimination of man. Men are their own worst and first enemies: from the start they have placed themselves beyond the pleasure principle, propelled by the death drive. They thrive, which is to say they wither, on war. Their sciences betray the promissory note that was once delivered by the scientific worldview. Instead of affirming life or the *bios*, biology and all the misnomered *life* sciences are on the side of death or in support of aura-sapping corporations. Men have maneuvered science to act as accomplice to everything that undermines life in its abundance. They are the action heroes of death machines, pumping iron and bumping off the helpless, impoverished – as well as the strong and capable. Man has strapped himself into an autoimmune laboratory wherein everything constructed turns against him. He is the author of his own decline. Just as the future will not

need men to procreate – sperm banks and test tubes can do the job – the present doesn't require anyone to further devise their demise. Men live by autodestruct triggers of which Solanas can offer little more than an attestation: "The male likes death – it excites him sexually and, already dead inside, he wants to die" (66). And, though "the elimination of any male" is seen to be "a righteous and good act," this "moral issue will eventually be rendered academic by the fact that the male is gradually eliminating himself. In addition to engaging the time-honored and classical wars and race-riots, men are more and more either becoming fags or are obliterating themselves through drugs. The female, whether she likes it or not, will eventually take complete charge, if for no other reason than that she will have to – the male, for practical purposes, won't exist" (67).¹³ This is how Solanas skips a moral beat and lands safely. According to an aggravated logic we could even say that she is still pleasing men. If death excites him sexually, and she calls for it, she is tempting for man's desire, responding to the libidinal demand of the other, proposing herself – as she in fact does – as a sister of mercy.¹⁴ It is alright to call for an end to man because his history depends upon such an end, has always sought it out as the very possibility of the history of man. There is no history without the end in sight, without a final send-off and apocalyptic revelation of the essence of man. In a sense Valerie also rejects this end and rejects men because of their habitual indulgence of violent endings. If this is imaginable, she calls for an end to all ends: she wants everlasting life, the utopia of non-history – a kind of pastoral post-history for which the proper use of technoscience could be organized as the cause. Science, unmanned or programmed by man's successor, would turn away from its aim to kill, extend life and being, keep things going intemporally. Science could kill time and establish a *uchronia*. One of the limits that Solanas rails against is man's temporal predicament, clocked and quickened by the masculinist abuses of technoscience.

If this account of her temporal anxiety seems confused, that's because it is. Nonetheless, it allows Solanas to make salient points and to provoke Nietzschean explosions of sorts. One of her issues concerns positioning herself without reproducing the war zone that has been demarcated as the property of man. How can you launch a war against war? How could you possibly take on the declared enemy without entering the war machine that defines him as an opposable entity? Polemics, which comes from *polemos*

is itself part of the war cry and always involves an attack. There has to be a way to situate the diatribe without falling into the trap of polemics, without perpetrating the very assault against which you stand or promoting the war utterance. This dilemma is something that Valerie faces. She tries to peel it down to the core. It is not of her own making, but has become a problem from the get go, from the moment she was inserted into the phallogocentric crush of the linguistic grid. Valerie vigorously has nowhere to go, which is what keeps her wheels spinning – once the manager of the Hotel Earle off Washington Square Park broke into her room and saw her furiously hammering out text on her typewriter, in an unstoppable trance, spinning her wheels, going nowhere.¹⁵ Friedrich Kittler, the German technothorist, reminds us that the Remington typewriter co-emerged with the rifle – a relation that Valerie's unconscious hung on to. We will get to the question of whom she was aiming at – the problem of address – momentarily.

First I feel compelled to address the delicate topic of an indefensible text, of an event that occurs in terms of its own chronic misfiring, but that nonetheless bears grave consequences, annulling itself while searing the random addressee, responding ineluctably to a primal sense of injury alienating and magnetizing at once. Her text does all that. It rants, it goes off deliriously, it finds its destination in a sensitive target area swollen with historical pain. With Valerie, something goes off, something happens, even though her words appear to have been fitted for so long with a silencer. The non-place that she occupies – whether on the historical page or in the Factory, at home or on the streets – is the place from which Solanas delivers her wounding insights. Wounded and wounding, she comes out shooting, unsnapping all manner of discursive safety nets and cultural supports that have allowed violence to be absorbed. She has removed the patriarchal shock absorbers, taken away the soporifics that push women into poses of an accepting stupor. Dismantling symbolic security systems that keep up the patriarchy, Valerie Solanas pierces through to the real with a series of highly calibrated psychotic intensities. Before one becomes overly confident about arresting her outrageous development in terms of psychotic aberration, it is important to note that psychosis speaks, that it often catches fire from a spark in the real; it is fuelled and fanned and remains unsettling because, as wounded utterance, it is not merely or solely demented. I am not persuaded that we have before us only a psychotic text. But it does rise out of the steady psychoticization of women, a threat under which most of us live and

against whose coarse endurance we contribute enormous amounts of energy. Unless one is able to perform the Freudian *Spaltung*, protective self-splitting, many of us minoritized, evicted creatures spend ourselves staving off the pressures of social psychoticization. But even in the land of social derangement Valerie Solanas got to travel the blind alleys and sidestreets of grand feminist mappings. It is not as though language and lit show no tolerance for a girl's derangement. On the contrary, some types of accepted derangement are hard won. We have fought for every inch of clinical corroboration and for the symptomal housing projects that shelter our anguish. Certain diseases become a woman. Strengthening her stature in unexplored domains of suffering, they encourage her daredevil collapses, linguistic feints. Valerie, however, poor Valerie refuses the prestige and license of hysteria or any of the neighboring neurotic dialects that might be understood in feminist precincts. She is no Dora, no Anna O., no Marquise von O ... she bears none of the finely crafted, delicate, brilliant flush of symptoms with which, thanks to the work of outstanding feminist theorists, a new form of dissidence and social disruption could be tried. Our Valerie, by contrast, was a psycho. Butch-dykey angry, poor, and fucked up: who could ask for more? Well, 1968 was certainly not the best moment for Valerie Solanas to make her appearance. There is no doubt that she felt forlorn around the Factory girls, painfully pitting her butch androgyny against the hyper-femininity that Warhol favored.¹⁶ She was one lonely lady in the heady glamour days of Candy Darling and Viva, way before the guerilla girls, Lesbian Avengers, Queer Nation, et al., and routine outings got going. So way before.

So. Valerie Solanas's text speaks even though it mimes at times delusional frenzy – or rather, it goes to the place where delusion and the real catastrophically meet, where no amount of reality testing could bring it down to safer ground. There is nothing comforting here except for the fact that she became the transmitter for the unspeakable, calling for an end that was, in fact, already prescribed, inherent to the concept of man. In some ways, though, without the training and restraint, she showed the tendencies of a girl Nietzsche. He, too, had his typewriter – the first philosopher to use the hammers. He was known for “philosophizing with a hammer,” although in the sense perhaps neither of a typewriter nor of a piano, however much these instruments of his thought were always at hand. He was the first to have girl students and he called Lou Salomé the father of his thought – she

is credited with having inseminated his ear with the thought of the eternal return. Nietzsche, on several occasions and in many ways, was not or no longer a “man.” Recycling the words a critic once wrote, he proclaimed, “I’m not a man, I’m dynamite.”

Not only the gunpowder traces Solanas to Nietzsche. Nor only the startling intensities of their attacks or the way they shoved God’s corpse on their backs, their criticism of higher education, or their strained solitude and fragile bodies that make of these gate crashers fugitive companions. Solanas, even though she goes for the jugular of an entity she calls “man,” has already let him slip by to the extent that man is a becoming, mutated and fading. She does not go in the direction specifically of the Nietzschean transhuman, the *Übermensch*, though Nietzsche himself leaves room for Solanas’s mutations to the extent that *Übermensch* is not an *Übermann*, not a *superman* or *overman*, as it has often been translated; rather, it leaves the field of becoming wide open to a feminine implant. Nietzsche, like all of us, is over man. The *Übermensch* is arguably more feminine than masculine, according to the terms he sets up, but that remains to be seen.¹⁷

Valerie can be seen as a mutant Nietzschean in another way as well, and this pertains to the transevaluating machine that switches on when she goes after her prey. It turns out that the man whose elimination she advocates has never as such been a man; he cannot be pinned down at all times to an essence. Valerie’s man, as we saw in the quotation above, steadily obliterates essential and defining characteristics by means of an unavoidable “feminization” – all men are becoming fags, she observes incessantly – and also by means of the chemical prosthesis: drugs are suspending, reconfiguring, dosing down the essence of man. There’s more – or less, depending on who’s asking. Men – this is where she locates them – are really women. That’s their problem; that’s our problem. Well, let me nuance this statement. When man is not woman, he is shit; he “has made of the world a shitpile”(41). Maybe more nuance is in order, though God knows Valerie rarely nuances her declarative sentences. Drawing on science to steady her aim, Solanas establishes the male from the start as an “incomplete female,” a misfired “biological accident” (35). The problem with man is that he “is passive and does want to be a woman” (37). All our world-class agonies issue from this fact, which produces an inversion of the basic philosophies and analyses of lack. It is no longer woman who is organized as and around lack, but man, trapped in his pernicious projection

booth, who tries to come to terms with the desperate situation of lack: he is the woman-in-lack. This knowledge, which Valerie wields and men cannot know they know – it is unconscious, responsible for every death-driven symptom – lies at the basis of his *autoimmunitary determination*, which is why he's necessarily poised as your corner suicide bomber. The reciprocal projections that Solanas sets up account for the urgent standoff. Women project their own outstanding capacities, their innate toughness and life-affirming valor, onto men, while men project their lack and death threats onto women. What man has over woman (forgetting momentarily their chiasmic contaminations) is the strength of projection, the staying power of disavowal. Man is at bottom woman, but this knowledge is unbearable to him. He is split off against himself, powered by the resolve of repressive self-hatred. Everything man does is meant to efface his womanhood. (This is why [Y], by the way, fags are ahead of the game, objects of great admiration for Valerie, especially if they tend toward the status of drag queen. They embrace their girlie fictions. Real men, which is to say real, lacking women, need to summon up their courage to wage war persistently against the truth of their being. They are defined, at this stage of their development, by the “desperate, compulsive attempt to prove [they're] not passive, not a woman” (37). “Being an incomplete female, the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, to become female” (37). This further means that the male, according to the logic she pursues, is *test-driven* – always testing his limits, applying for proving grounds and combat zones that offer the comfort, perversely, of a reassuring station identification. Passive, feminine, a creature of mimetic complicities, man “hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active, then sets out to prove that he is (‘prove he's a Man’) ... Since he's attempting to prove an error, he must ‘prove’ it again and again”(37).¹⁸ In a theoretical tour-de-force, Solanas herself proves that sex is sublimation.

In order to prove manhood, the woman crouching in man sets out time and again to prove himself: “His main means of attempting to prove [‘he's a Man’] is screwing (Big Man with a Big Dick tearing off a Big Piece)” (37). Screwing – of which Solanas disapproved, saying it was mindless, truly a waste of time, meant only to keep people stupid and stupefied – is the principal means by which men prove themselves. Already beyond the pleasure principle, it is engaged in service of repression. The compulsive characteristic of manly screwing upholds the fantasy of being a not-woman;

it sublimates the feminine pleasures of passive surrender to which every male (female) would offer up his indulged and compliant being. It may be another reason that Solanas went after the signifier, War-hole. Valerie was sensitive to the semantic undertow of names, but she was less sensitive to reductive descriptions of women's sexuality. Maybe she was adapting metaphysical profiles or patriarchal scripts when she set down women in terms mainly of passivity. But her strategy does get vertiginous when we recall that the effect of gender is always screened from a projection booth of social determinations.

Valerie was often jerked by the linguistic chain. The combination of horror and fascination that an object or person exerted on her often materialized along language's faultline. Andrew's name was itself a provocation, stoking the androphobe in Valerie.¹⁹ Names are not mere blips in the unconscious, as that of John Wayne Bobbitt attests in the drama of sexual warfare.²⁰ Her own name, if this can be seen momentarily as a battle of names, offered more Nietzschean resonances, prompting an endless struggle for valorization and held her up as the last philosopher's (Heidegger's placement for Nietzsche) figure of *versus*: vs. VS, if your name makes you do anything at all, made her the adversary, the alone standing *versus* that now sees the light of another day in Verso. The inversions of which she was capable gave her unusual pliancy as concerns aims and ends. She could convert things into their barely related tangents. Thus, Valerie's inverted itinerary led her to shoot Andy Warhol when she was actually gunning for her publisher, Maurice Girodias at the Chelsea Hotel. Both targets, already substitutes, were involved in cementing the refusal of her writing.

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On June 3, 1968, Solanas blasted Andy Warhol three times with a .32 caliber automatic. She got him when he took a call. Pronounced clinically dead, the famous white zombie revived after five hours of surgery. When giving herself up, Solanas told the cops that Warhol had exercised too much control over her life. He had promised to produce her play, promptly lost her manuscript, and then "refused to pay attention to me." (Andy had liked her title, "Up Your Ass," but wondered if Valerie wasn't a female cop trying

to bait him.) The Factory was not open to her. He stalled on giving her a free pass, even when his suspicions were allayed, and eventually threw her a role in “I, a Man.”²¹ Solanas, playing a lesbian, added spunk to the film, but Warhol was not inclined to move forward with her. That was well and good, bad enough, but what did he mean he lost her manuscript? In May, 1967, Warhol says he has lost the script, he is overwhelmed with unsolicited materials, he receives tons of manuscripts and can’t manage to hold on to them. This is the time before Kinko’s or PCs or what have you. Warhol had thrown the script in the garbage, just like that, she thought, or – inversion – he had held on to it, stolen it right from under her. Valerie began telephoning incessantly. She starts calling him at home. Warhol is alarmed that she had his home number. Her assaults begin – and end – telephonically. After his recovery she calls him again, threatening, extorting, demanding. She got him while he was on the phone, there and not there, turning his attention from her, addressing an absent other. This was intolerable to Valerie Solanas. The telephone was turned against her, its umbilicus twisting. There was something about Warhol’s nonpresence that infuriated her. She had entered a struggle for recognition of nearly Hegelian proportions with a ghost. A ghost who presided over an alternative universe – one of outcasts, queers, sexual radicals – from which she had been banished. She could not even obtain the password to this world of landed lunatics! Too or insufficiently deviant, she had no home among the homos, finding herself – if at all – locked out of her only or last chance to belong somewhere. He was on the other end. Click ... Click ... Click ... phone, gun, film, clicking in her head, shooting ... Click ... Strangely, shooting him was connecting with him, becoming his addressee.

After the attempted murder – she had turned herself in the same evening to a rookie traffic cop – newspaper headlines stated “Actress is Held.” Valerie was concerned. “I’m really a writer,” she advised reporters. That identification is about the only “I am” declaration one gets from her besides the title into which she insinuated herself, “I, a Man.” Otherwise one is confronted with a host of denials: “I’m no lesbian. I have no time for sex of any kind,” is more her style – she mostly inhabits the *no*, the *non* bound by the *nom*, as Lacan would say. As one of her critics rightly observes,²² she was nonliberal, non-marketable, a reflector of nonbourgeois feminism, if that’s what it is.

Still, Valerie Solanas, even as scrambled micronarrative and warrior of negativity, effects a shift that needs to be understood. Perhaps that's the wrong way of putting it. Understanding may be the wrong goal, since no hermeneutics, however politically inflected, will succeed in placing Solanas under secure grasp. Maybe she still believed in the concept of the *anthropos*, got taken in, maybe she faced off the technologies that threatened writing: a lone warrior who fights on behalf of writing, losing it when he loses her manuscript or reviles any sort of script; maybe she was put here to speak the unspeakable or, less dramatically, to sound the wake-up call, prior to the women's movement, to encourage the dialectics of female empowerment. A number of those engaged with her see Solanas spinning between crackpot and prophet, as a guerilla fighter, the tormented butch outsider of Warhol's crowd (which decidedly preferred the less bio-rooted feminine series). B. Ruby Rich sees her as feminism's Joan of Arc.²³ La Pucelle, however, had God on her side. Illiterate and solitary, she responded to a higher calling. La Solanas, on the other hand, had no transcendental broker to give her the sense and assurance that she was listening to the right soundtrack – though her resolve, I can see it, was unshakable. She might have been backed into a cave like Antigone at one point, shaking with anger and taking upon herself what Hegel had said was true of woman: she stands as the internal enemy of the community. Much has been made of the statement by Hegel that woman is the eternal irony of the community, but his ramping her up to the status of inner enmity – therefore, under constant philosophical surveillance, a walking fugitive in the open asylum of patriarchy – makes her existence that much more precarious.²⁴ If anything, Valerie is the coming-out of woman as absolute enemy (this happens once in every epistemic revolution around the heliotrope man). Woman abruptly appears, again, as enemy to men, to community, to the inscribed system of values, to Great Art. Like every enemy in metaphysics, woman's preferred mode of existence is to effect a retreat, to occupy and engage the more ironic and subterranean lines of destruction. She withdraws her claws, adopts ruses, hides behind veils, feigns frailty, fiddles out: fakes it.

Valerie Solanas, for her part, came out shooting, and, by means of typewriter and armament, shot her way through repressed levels of enemy positioning. Most enemies, if they are women, are detained, tagged, put under house arrest, stung in ways that keep them working on the signifying

chain gang of the patriarchal order, serving the Man. Valerie broke out momentarily, broke the chain in what amounts to a psychotic outburst, before she was snuffed out. But her momentary flash opened the lens on what they always suspected, whether she was part of the girl gang of Ovid's Heroides or her name was Medusa, Medea, Antigone, Lizzie Borden, Lorena Bobbitt, Aileen Wournos, Christine and Lea Papin, Solanas: a terrible cutting machine was set in gear. The cutting that Valerie officially prescribed was that of *unworking*. Women were to join the workforce in order to disrupt smooth operations, in order generously to unravel and disburse. Telephone operators were to give out free phone calls and scramble the master codes; others were to introduce a system of covert glitches and general sabotage in order to destroy the vital order of things. No sudden blowups but a steady undermining, a kind of viral integrity meant to bring the whole house down. Again, these strategies were intended to accelerate the effects of an already immunodeficient social and fiscal order. Her goal was to abolish money, the symbolic exchange of value.

Valerie, she wanted a more direct assessment of value. She abhorred abstract capital fluctuations; she dreaded substitutive tradeoffs. Men had created capital flow as part of an exploitative economy. Plus everything started off with borrowing power, borrowing off women, inventing property, gambling on an originary, projective deficit. In the mean and lean time, Valerie wanted to be valued. Warhol hadn't *paid* enough ... attention to her. She lacked credit and credibility. Warhol was a substitute. She first went after her publisher, we know that. He was himself no doubt a replacement for someone or something situated in the substitutive chain of soul embezzlers. Something was *stolen* from Valerie Solanas. That is how she expressed herself – a manuscript, a life, a chance, a place, her say, her bodily integrity (her father had molested her), her dignity (“No wonder you’re a dyke,” Viva, egged on by Warhol, derisively had said; “You typed this yourself? Why don’t you work for us as a receptionist?” Warhol had hissed at her.)²⁵ In writing and as writing Solanas thought she could even the score and reimburse herself, borrow against herself, draw interest, secure some futures – yes, save herself, build some credit and maintain a savings account, balance the existential books. She wanted money abolished, but the value of the foreclosed systems would inevitably return and rebound, they would necessarily grow. She could, she thought, start from scratch.

Valerie Solanas was only ever starting from scratch. She was always scratching at the surface, at the door. As personalities go, she was in fact shy. At some level she wanted to trade in her name value; a lot rode on the valorization of Valerie. This may seem lame but some Daseins are attached to their names, commanded by secret, if anasemic voice controls that prompt them to affix their signatures on texts or deeds, or even to just write themselves out on tree trunks. Anyway, it was she who said time and again that Andy Warhol hadn't paid her enough attention. With nearly ironic fatefulness, Warhol was a stand-in, part of a serialized chain linking back to primal indignities. She was bereft, exploited, chronically undervalued. Warhol was only the last in the series, which is to say that, in picking him off she was shooting at the whole series, popping all the spinoffs and simulacra of man for which Andy stood – and fell. It could be that when Valerie broke out of her text, firming up her adversarial stance, she did not intend to go for the jugular of a person or human being. She was plotting against a placeholder or symbolic clip that held every oppressive signifier together as a screen for a more original injury. He was at once the most singular and most general of provocative object choices. She was fighting a ghost or a mere alias of meaning, which is why she was bound to misfire and fail to kill. Warhol was on the telephone, part of a machine that refused her calls. In any case, her calls were transferred in such a way as to assure that she did not feel addressed. Warhol was not just a person or interlocutor, if he had ever been these things to her. She pounced where he began to generalize and dominate, where he bloated up as an idea and hardened as a cultural icon. He fanned out to assume different morphs and meanings. In her mind he grew into the generality of man. It is hard to kill a generality, a genre or gender. As said, she ended up shooting two men that day, just as she had gone looking for two men, Maurice and then Andy. It was always double-barreled, bifocalized, two men in her lens. If at all linkable to the body crimes of her father, her sights were set by a Lacanian angle. There are two fathers, the imaginary and the real father – the father as Great Fucker, the funnel to a thoroughly disappointing God. There are two enemies, which is why she also had to divide men into two – the so-called straight, incomplete female-males and the queers. (This habit is not limited to Ms. Solanas. Even the US tends to divide and double the name-of-the-enemy, more recently into Osama Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein.)

When she names the enemy he tends to come in twos: SCUM refutes “faith in the essential goodness of Daddy and policemen”(77). Here the goal is set not merely on subversion. Subversion is dependent on the system it criticizes. Her relation to the enemy will prove more subversive than subversion because the invasion which Solanas envisions involves secret strikes, consistently covert actions – invasions on the order of microbial assault: “SCUM will always be furtive, sneaky, underhanded (although SCUM murders will always be known to be such)” (77). Her attack plan is also, for the most part, decidedly low tech: “If SCUM ever marches, it will be over the President’s stupid, sickening face; if SCUM ever strikes, it will be in the dark with a six-inch blade” (77). She cannot abide forms of violence that implicitly honor the law or seem addressed by the law. She seeks an exteriority to law and the governmental apparatus based on law, an abiding place for the outlaw:

SCUM will always operate on a criminal as opposed to a civil disobedience basis, that is, as opposed to openly violating the law and going to jail in order to draw attention to an injustice. Such tactics acknowledge the rightness of the overall system and are used only to modify it slightly, change specific laws. SCUM is out to destroy the system, not attain certain rights within it. Also, SCUM, always selfish, always cool – will always aim to avoid detection and punishment. (77)

In the end, the battle lines are redrawn: “The conflict, therefore, is not between females and males, but between SCUM”(70). By now, something seems to have been switched on us. Either Solanas has already discursively eliminated the male of the species or her furtive target zone had always been determined by two types of women vying for domination against each other. (The state psychiatrist stipulated that it had always been about the maternal function, her mother’s extreme withholding pattern and not so much the paternal intrusions.²⁶) Women, she states, are responsible for a demented relation to men. Men in fact are “docile and easily led, easily subjected to the domination of any female who cares to dominate him” (70). The war she wages turns out to be against the type of woman who relinquishes her capacity for domination – the “nice, passive, accepting, ‘cultivated,’ polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy’s girls, who can’t cope with the

unknown; ... who feel secure only with Big Daddy standing by, with a big strong man to lean on and with a fat, hairy face in the White House; who are too cowardly to face up to the hideous reality of what man is, what Daddy is" (71). And so forth. The point to be assured here is that, even for Valerie Solanas, woman is the enemy of the community. For all her efforts at detaching from the grip of legal, conceptual, technoscientific, crushingly misogynist law, Solanas, at least momentarily, scapegoats and minoritizes women. To be fair, the emphasis should be placed on a *type* of woman she goes after. She fusillades the one who supports the masks and charades of masculinist fictions, refusing to get her ontological bearings on the essential being of man ("what man is"). Her decision to pinpoint women grows out of a logical promotion of what she says. If men are weak, reactive, submissive beings, destroyed by an unbreakable complicity clamping together biology and technology – if they are bound to crumble and their game is cosmically called off – then the only troubling site of interference or subterfuge belongs to woman, or women. They are the ones to be feared, the very ones who play power as so many forms of weakness, strength as masochistic fatefulness – systematically downplaying a tremendous endowment of strength. They hold the cards only to deal against themselves. This is the perversion against which Valerie lashes out. The "secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling, arrogant females" (70) are few. "SCUM is too impatient to hope and wait for the debrainwashing of millions of assholes"(71). It's getting lonely as a top.

When she bottomed out, Solanas, homeless and destitute, is said to have passed away in San Francisco. It was 1988. Whether or not she had lost her brutal ironic edge, nobody knows. Her mother claims that she lived a happy life, populated with friends and gentle experiences, to the end.²⁷ One of the questions that the name Valerie Solanas continues to raise, at least for me, concerns those who have an acute sense of injustice. They drag around at the end, stuporous, drained, shivering in near autistic spheres of solitude. Their language shivers still. I think of Nietzsche, slumped over. I see the others, the "men," the "women," whatever they are or thought they were. On some nights, Valerie's weariness washes over me. I hear her typing out in the apartment above mine: "The shit you have to go through in this world just to survive."

PS – In college, Valerie Solanas majored in psych.

1 Jacques Derrida, *Margins of Philosophy*. Translation and Annotation by Alan Bass (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982). In their introduction to the voluminous tome, *Les fins de l'homme: A partir de travail de Jacques Derrida* (Paris: Éditions Galilée, 1981), 13, philosophers Jean-Luc Nancy and Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe write that the destination or *Bestimmung* of man is no longer merely “a question among others on the subject of man: it is rather man himself who has become a question. For this fundamental reason ... the thinking of man becomes that of finitude – or, more rigorously, the ontotheology of the Subject sees itself shaken up by an analysis of finitude.”

2 Translated by J. Glenn Gray (New York: Harper & Row Publishers, 1968).

3 Starting up her interpretive engine with the exiled “voices of lesbian-separatists” who square off with Erica Jong, Lauren Berlant reflects on the locus of “The Female Complaint,” in *Social Text*, Issue 19/20 (Autumn, 1988), 237–259.

4 *Excitable Speech: A Politics of the Performative* (New York and London: Routledge, 1997), 16.

5 “The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism,” published in *Le Figaro* (Paris: February 20, 1909).

6 See Dana Heller, “Shooting Solanas: Radical Feminist History and the Technology of Failure,” in *Feminist Studies*, Spring 2001, Vol. 27, Issue 1. “The SCUM Manifesto is the undoing of the logic of canonization, a radical document that should recall us to feminism’s unacknowledged debt to the margins of the representable and the representative.”

7 A strategy for reading their encounter as a war of technologies is mapped out by Mary Harron and Daniel Minahan, “Introduction: On Valerie Solanas,” in *I Shot Andy Warhol* (Grove Press: New York, 1966). See also Sue-Ellen Case, *The Domain Matrix: Performing Lesbian at the End of Print Culture* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996), 20.

8 See Heller and Harron, *op. cit.*

9 *Ibid.*

10 See Heller’s discussion of Mailer’s *The Prisoner of Sex* and his call to “encourage the psychopath within oneself, to explore that domain of experience where security is boredom and therefore sickness,” in “The White Negro: Superficial Reflections on the Hipster,” *The Portable Beat Reader*, ed. Ann Charters (New York: Viking, 1992), 585–609.

11 See Melissa D. Deem, “From Bobbit to SCUM: Re-memberment, Scatological Rhetorics, and Feminist Strategies in the Contemporary United States” in *Public Culture* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1996). Lorena Bobbit is known for having taken the knife to the penis of an abusive husband, John Wayne Bobbit, a US Marine.

12 For a sustained discussion of the burst of laughter and feminist rage see Diane Davis, *Breaking Up [at] Totality: A Rhetoric of Laughter* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2000). A now classic catalogue of rage laced with laughter was put out by Andrea Juno and V. Vale in 1991. See *Angry Women* (San Francisco: Re/Search Publications, 1991).

13 If I were truly deconstructing this utterance, I would zoom in on “for practical purposes.” If men won’t exist “for practical purposes,” then they will exist in terms of the *bios*. This may be how Solanas installs a killing machine that disables defunct man without taking life.

14 In order to get herself through school, Solanas was a prostitute. (Who wasn’t?) She also sold “conversation for money, an hour’s worth for six bucks, any topic, but sex is a favorite,” cited in

Harron, *op. cit.*, xvii.

15 Harron, *op. cit.*, xxxi.

16 Consider Dana Heller's comments on the convergence of medical technology and extreme misogyny, which place Solanas on the underprivileged side of techno-development. Set against the rise of medical technologies capable of redefining basic definitions of gender assignment, the Factory privileging of virtual womanhood over the "real" thing and the brutal misogyny performed by Michael Imperioli in his portrayal of Ondine, a Factory habitué, produces moments of absolute rage in Solanas. "Listen," he proclaims when Solanas tries to persuade Warhol to publish the *SCUM Manifesto*, "we have to start instituting rules here. Nothing but the best looking women are allowed in here ... and without cunts." For a subtle and luminous text on Warhol's serialized universe see Lynne Tillman, *The Velvet Years 1965–67: Warhol's Factory* (New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 1995). Photographs by Stephen Shore tend to favor, with the possible exception of Warhol himself, pretty boys and pretty girls – a tribal feast of femme.

17 I go further into the field of Nietzschean gender determinations in a forthcoming book, *The Test Drive* (University of Illinois Press).

18 Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe has devoted his work to demonstrating how fearful metaphysics is when it comes to mimesis. From at least Plato through Heidegger, mimesis implies the threat of feminization in our philosophical household. I include this information because whether or not we read or care about philosophy, it is still our guardian, having made crucial decisions about who's what and what's what in the way we live or fail our lives. Consider especially *Typography: Mimesis, Philosophy, Politics*, edited by Christopher Fynsk (Cambridge and London: Harvard University Press, 1989).

19 On androphobia, the history of violence and Valerie, see Peter Moritz Pickshaus, "Bibliographie zu Valerie Solanas," unpublished part of his thesis *Androphobe Gewalt: Beitrag zur historischen Psychologie* (Berlin: Freie Universität Berlin, 1994).

20 For a suturing of some of these names and events see Melissa D. Deem, *op. cit.*

21 She also appears in Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey *Bike Boy* (1967) but he really sticks it to her in *Women in Revolt* (1971), which portrays three women's libbers (played by drag queens) who form PIG, Politically Involved Girls.

22 Dana Heller, *op. cit.*

23 B. Ruby Rich, "Manifesto Destiny: Drawing a Bead on Valerie Solanas," in *Voice Literary Supplement*, 119 (October 12, 1993), 16–17.

24 For a highly provocative discussion of the Hegelian target zone, see Gil Anidjar, *The Jew, the Arab: A History of the Enemy* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2003), 61ff.

25 Dana Heller, *op. cit.*

26 See Mary Harron, *op. cit.*, xxvi.

27 See Dana Heller, *op. cit.* For more on Dorothy Moran, Solanas's mother, see Rowan Gaither, "Andy Warhol's Feminist Nightmare," *New York Magazine*, January 14, 1991, 35.

SCUM MANIFESTO

VALERIE SOLANAS

Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex.

It is now technically feasible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females. We must begin immediately to do so. Retaining the male has not even the dubious purpose of reproduction. The male is a biological accident: the **Y** (male) gene is an incomplete **X** (female) gene, that is, it has an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the gene stage. To be male is to be deficient, emotionally limited; maleness is a deficiency disease and males are emotional cripples.

The male is completely egocentric, trapped inside himself, incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, of love, friendship, affection, of tenderness. He is a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone. His responses are entirely visceral, not cerebral; his intelligence is a mere tool in the services of his drives and needs; he is incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; he can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations. He is a half-dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of giving or receiving pleasure or happiness; consequently, he is at best an utter bore, an inoffensive blob, since only those capable of absorption in others can be charming. He is trapped in a twilight zone halfway between humans and apes, and is far worse off than the apes because, unlike the

apes, he is capable of a large array of negative feelings – hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, doubt – and moreover, he is aware of what he is and what he isn't.

Although completely physical, the male is unfit even for stud service. Even assuming mechanical proficiency, which few men have, he is, first of all, incapable of zestfully, lustfully, tearing off a piece, but instead is eaten up with guilt, shame, fear and insecurity, feelings rooted in male nature, which the most enlightened training can only minimize; second, the physical feeling he attains is next to nothing; and third, he is not empathizing with his partner, but is obsessed with how he's doing, turning in an A performance, doing a good plumbing job. To call a man an animal is to flatter him; he's a machine, a walking dildo. It's often said that men use women. Use them for what? Surely not pleasure.

Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, if he's lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male is, nonetheless, obsessed with screwing; he'll swim through a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him. He'll screw a woman he despises, any snaggle-toothed hag, and furthermore, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn't the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It's not ego satisfaction; that doesn't explain screwing corpses and babies.

Completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathize or identify, and filled with a vast, pervasive, diffuse sexuality, the male is psychically passive. He hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active, then sets out to prove that he is ("prove that he is a Man"). His main means of attempting to prove it is screwing (Big Man with a Big Dick tearing off a Big Piece). Since he's attempting to prove an error, he must "prove" it again and again. Screwing, then, is a desperate compulsive, attempt to prove he's not passive, not a woman; but he is passive and does want to be a woman.

Being an incomplete female, the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, to become female. He attempts to do this by constantly seeking out, fraternizing with and trying to live through and fuse with the

female, and by claiming as his own all female characteristics – emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character, grooviness, etc. – and projecting onto women all male traits – vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc. It should be said, though, that the male has one glaring area of superiority over the female – public relations. (He has done a brilliant job of convincing millions of women that men are women and women are men.) The male claim that females find fulfillment through motherhood, and sexuality reflects what males think they’d find fulfilling if they were female.

Women, in other words, don’t have penis envy; men have pussy envy. When the male accepts his passivity, defines himself as a woman (males as well as females think men are women and women are men), and becomes a transvestite, he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that matter; he fulfills himself as a drag queen) and gets his dick chopped off. He then achieves a continuous diffuse sexual feeling from “being a woman.” Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female. He is responsible for:

WAR

The male’s normal compensation for not being female, namely, getting his Big Gun off, is grossly inadequate, as he can get it off only a very limited number of times; so he gets it off on a really massive scale, and proves to the entire world that he’s a “Man.” Since he has no compassion or ability to empathize or identify, proving his manhood is worth an endless amount of mutilation and suffering and an endless number of lives, including his own – his own life being worthless, he would rather go out in a blaze of glory than to plod grimly on for fifty more years.

NICENESS, POLITENESS, AND “DIGNITY”

Every man, deep down, knows he’s a worthless piece of shit. Overwhelmed by a sense of animalism and deeply ashamed of it; wanting, not to express himself, but to hide from others his total physicality, total egocentricity, the hate and contempt he feels for other men, and to hide from himself the hate

and contempt he suspects other men feel for him; having a crudely constructed nervous system that is easily upset by the least display of emotion or feeling, the male tries to enforce a “social” code that ensures perfect blandness, unsullied by the slightest trace or feeling or upsetting opinion. He uses terms like “copulate,” “sexual congress,” “have relations with” (to men sexual relations is a redundancy), overlaid with stilted manners; the suit on the chimp.

MONEY, MARRIAGE AND PROSTITUTION, WORK AND PREVENTION OF AN AUTOMATED SOCIETY

There is no human reason for money or for anyone to work more than two or three hours a week at the very most. All non-creative jobs (practically all jobs now being done) could have been automated long ago, and in a moneyless society everyone can have as much of the best of everything as she wants. But there are non-human, male reasons for wanting to maintain the money system:

1. Pussy. Despising his highly inadequate self, overcome with intense anxiety and a deep, profound loneliness when by his empty self, desperate to attach himself to any female in dim hopes of completing himself, in the mystical belief that by touching gold he'll turn to gold, the male craves the continuous companionship of women. The company of the lowest female is preferable to his own or that of other men, who serve only to remind him of his repulsiveness. But females, unless very young or very sick, must be coerced or bribed into male company.

2. Supply the non-relating male with the delusion of usefulness, and enable him to try to justify his existence by digging holes and then filling them up. Leisure time horrifies the male, who will have nothing to do but contemplate his grotesque self. Unable to relate or to love, the male must work. Females crave absorbing, emotionally satisfying, meaningful activity, but lacking the opportunity or ability for this, they prefer to idle and waste away their time in ways of their own choosing – sleeping, shopping, bowling, shooting pool, playing cards and other games, breeding, reading, walking around, daydreaming, eating,

playing with themselves, popping pills, going to the movies, getting analyzed, traveling, raising dogs and cats, lolling about on the beach, swimming, watching TV, listening to music, decorating their houses, gardening, sewing, nightclubbing, dancing, visiting, “improving their minds” (taking courses), and absorbing “culture” (lectures, plays, concerts, “arty” movies). Therefore, many females would, even assuming complete economic equality between the sexes, prefer living with males or peddling their asses on the street, thus having most of their time for themselves, to spending many hours of their days doing boring, stultifying, non-creative work for someone else, functioning as less than animals, as machines, or, at best – if able to get a “good” job – co-managing the shitpile. What will liberate women, therefore, from male control is the total elimination of the money-work system, not the attainment of economic equality with men within it.

3. Power and control. Unmasterful in his personal relations with women, the male attains to masterfulness by the manipulation of money and everything controlled by money, in other words, of everything and everybody.

4. Love substitute. Unable to give love or affection, the male gives money. It makes him feel motherly. The mother gives milk; he gives bread. He is the Breadwinner.

5. Provide the male with a goal. Incapable of enjoying the moment, the male needs something to look forward to, and money provides him with an eternal, never-ending goal: Just think of what you could do with 80 trillion dollars – invest it! And in three years time you’d have 300 trillion dollars!!!

6. Provide the basis for the male’s major opportunity to control and manipulate – fatherhood.

**FATHERHOOD AND MENTAL ILLNESS
(FEAR, COWARDICE, TIMIDITY, HUMILITY, INSECURITY,
PASSIVITY)**

Mother wants what's best for her kids; Daddy only wants what's best for Daddy, that is peace and quiet, pandering to his delusion of dignity ("respect"), a good reflection on himself (status) and the opportunity to control and manipulate, or, if he's an "enlightened" father, to "give guidance." His daughter, in addition, he wants sexually – he gives her hand in marriage; the other part is for him. Daddy, unlike Mother, can never give in to his kids, as he must, at all costs, preserve his delusion of decisiveness, forcefulness, always-rightness and strength. Never getting one's way leads to lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with the world and to a passive acceptance of the status quo. Mother loves her kids, although she sometimes gets angry, but anger blows over quickly and even while it exists, doesn't preclude love and basic acceptance. Emotionally diseased, Daddy doesn't love his kids; he approves of them – if they're "good," that is, if they're nice, "respectful," obedient, subservient to his will, quiet and not given to unseemly displays of temper that would be most upsetting to Daddy's easily disturbed male nervous system – in other words, if they're passive vegetables. If they're not "good," he doesn't get angry – not if he's a modern, "civilized" father (the old-fashioned ranting, raving brute is preferable, as he is so ridiculous he can be easily despised) – but rather express disapproval, a state that, unlike anger, endures and precludes a basic acceptance, leaving the kid with the feeling of worthlessness and a lifelong obsession with being approved of; the result is fear of independent thought, as this leads to unconventional, disapproved-of opinions and ways of life. For the kid to want Daddy's approval it must respect Daddy, and being garbage, Daddy can make sure that he is respected only by remaining aloof, by distantness, by acting on the precept of "familiarity breeds contempt," which is, of course, true, if one is contemptible. By being distant and aloof, he is able to remain unknown, mysterious, and thereby, to inspire fear ("respect").

Disapproval of emotional "scenes" leads to fear of strong emotion, fear of one's own anger and hatred. Fear of anger and hatred combined with a lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with and change the world, or even to affect in the slightest way one's own destiny, leads to a mindless belief that the world and most people in it are nice and the most banal, trivial amusements are great fun and deeply pleasurable.

The effect of fatherhood on males, specifically, is to make them “Men,” that is, highly defensive of all impulses to passivity, faggotry, and of desires to be female. Every boy wants to imitate his mother, be her, fuse with her, but Daddy forbids this; he is the mother; he gets to fuse with her. So he tells the boy, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, to not be a sissy, to act like a “Man.” The boy, scared shitless of and “respecting” his father, complies, and becomes just like Daddy, that model of “Man”-hood, the all-American ideal – the well-behaved heterosexual dullard.

The effect of fatherhood on females is to make them male-dependent, passive, domestic, animalistic, insecure, approval- and security-seekers, cowardly, humble, “respectful” of authorities and men, closed, not fully responsive, half-dead, trivial, dull, conventional, flattened-out and thoroughly contemptible. Daddy’s Girl, always tense and fearful, uncool, unanalytical, lacking objectivity, appraises Daddy, and thereafter, other men, against a background of fear (“respect”) and is not only unable to see the empty shell behind the facade, but accepts the male definition of himself as superior, as a female, and of herself, as inferior, as a male, which, thanks to Daddy, she really is.

It is the increase of fatherhood, resulting from the increased and more widespread affluence that fatherhood needs in order to thrive, that has caused the general increase of mindlessness and the decline of women in the United States since the 1920s. The close association of affluence with fatherhood has led, for the most part, to only the wrong girls, namely, the “privileged” middle-class girls, getting “educated.”

The effect of fathers, in sum, has been to corrode the world with maleness. The male has a negative Midas touch – everything he touches turns to shit.

SUPPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY, ANIMALISM (DOMESTICITY AND MOTHERHOOD), AND FUNCTIONALISM

The male is just a bunch of conditioned reflexes, incapable of a mentally free response; he is tied to the earliest conditioning, determined completely by his past experiences. His earliest experiences are with his mother, and he

is throughout his life tied to her. It never becomes completely clear to the make that he is not part of his mother, that he is he and she is she.

His greatest need is to be guided, sheltered, protected and admired by Mama (men expect women to adore what men shrink from in horror – themselves) and, being completely physical, he yearns to spend his time (that's not spent "out in the world" grimly defending against his passivity) wallowing in basic animal activities – eating, sleeping, shitting, relaxing and being soothed by Mama. Passive, rattle-headed Daddy's Girl, ever eager for approval, for a pat on the head, for the "respect" if any passing piece of garbage, is easily reduced to Mama, mindless ministrator to physical needs, soother of the weary, apey brow, booster of the tiny ego, appreciator of the contemptible, a hot water bottle with tits.

The reduction to animals of the women of the most backward segment of society – the "privileged, educated" middle-class, the backwash of humanity – where Daddy reigns supreme, has been so thorough that they try to groove on labor pains and lie around in the most advanced nation in the world in the middle of the twentieth century with babies chomping away on their tits. It's not for the kids' sake, though, that the "experts" tell women that Mama should stay home and grovel in animalism, but for Daddy's; the tits for Daddy to hang onto; the labor pains for Daddy to vicariously groove on (half dead, he needs awfully strong stimuli to make him respond).

Reducing the female to an animal, to Mama, to a male, is necessary for psychological as well as practical reasons: the male is a mere member of the species, interchangeable with every other male. He has no deep-seated individuality, which stems from what intrigues you, what outside yourself absorbs you, what you're in relation to. Completely self-absorbed, capable of being in relation only to their bodies and physical sensations, males differ from each other only to the degree and in the ways they attempt to defend against their passivity and against their desire to be female.

The female's individuality, which he is acutely aware of, but which he doesn't comprehend and isn't capable of relating to or grasping emotionally, frightens and upsets him and fills him with envy. So he denies it in her and

proceeds to define everyone in terms of his or her function or use, assigning to himself, of course, the most important functions – doctor, president, scientist – therefore providing himself with an identity, if not individuality, and tries to convince himself and women (he’s succeeded best at convincing women) that the female function is to bear and raise children and to relax, comfort and boost the ego if the male; that her function is such as to make her interchangeable with every other female. In actual fact, the female function is to relate, groove, love and be herself, irreplaceable by anyone else; the male function is to produce sperm. We now have sperm banks.

In actual fact, the female function is to explore, discover, invent, solve problems crack jokes, make music – all with love. In other words, create a magic world.

PREVENTION OF PRIVACY

Although the male, being ashamed of what he is and almost of everything he does, insists on privacy and secrecy in all aspects of his life, he has no real regard for privacy. Being empty, not being a complete, separate being, having no self to groove on and needing to be constantly in female company, he sees nothing at all wrong in intruding himself on any woman’s thoughts, even a total stranger’s, anywhere at any time, but rather feels indignant and insulted when put down for doing so, as well as confused – he can’t, for the life of him, understand why anyone would prefer so much as one minute of solitude to the company of any creep around. Wanting to become a woman, he strives to be constantly around females, which is the closest he can get to becoming one, so he created a “society” based upon the family – a male-female couple and their kids (the excuse for the family’s existence), who live virtually on top of one another, unscrupulously violating the female’s rights, privacy and sanity.

ISOLATION, SUBURBS, AND PREVENTION OF COMMUNITY

Our society is not a community but merely a collection of isolated family units. Desperately insecure, fearing his woman will leave him if she is exposed to other men or to anything remotely resembling life, the male seeks to isolate her from other men and from what little civilization there is,

so he moves her out to the suburbs, a collection of self-absorbed couples and their kids. Isolation enables him to try to maintain his pretense of being an individual by becoming a “rugged individualist,” a loner, equating non-cooperation and solitariness with individuality.

There is yet another reason for the male to isolate himself: every man is an island. Trapped inside himself, emotionally isolated, unable to relate, the male has a horror of civilization, people, cities, situations requiring an ability to understand and relate to people. So like a scared rabbit, he scurries off, dragging Daddy’s little asshole with him to the wilderness, suburbs, or, in the case of the hippy – he’s way out, Man! – all the way out to the cow pasture where he can fuck and breed undisturbed and mess around with his beads and flute.

The “hippy,” whose desire to be a “Man,” a “rugged individualist,” isn’t quite as strong as the average man’s, and who, in addition, is excited by the thought having lots of women accessible to him, rebels against the harshness of a Breadwinner’s life and the monotony of one woman. In the name of sharing and cooperation, he forms a commune or tribe, which, for all its togetherness and partly because of it, (the commune, being an extended family, is an extended violation of the female’s rights, privacy and sanity) is no more a community than normal “society.”

A true community consists of individuals – not mere species members, not couples – respecting each others individuality and privacy, at the same time interacting with each other mentally and emotionally – free spirits in free relation to each other – and cooperating with each other to achieve common ends. Traditionalists say the basic unit of “society” is the family; “hippies” say the tribe; no one says the individual.

The “hippy” babbles on about individuality, but has no more conception of it than any other man. He desires to get back to Nature, back to the wilderness, back to the home of furry animals that he’s one of, away from the city, where there is at least a trace, a bare beginning of civilization, to live at the species level, his time taken up with simple, non-intellectual activities – farming, fucking, bead stringing. The most important activity of

the commune, the one upon which it is based, is gang-banging. The “hippy” is enticed to the commune mainly by the prospect for free pussy – the main commodity to be shared, to be had just for the asking, but, blinded by greed, he fails to anticipate all the other men he has to share with, or the jealousies and possessiveness for the pussies themselves.

Men cannot cooperate to achieve a common end, because each man’s end is all the pussy for himself. The commune, therefore, is doomed to failure; each hippy” will, in panic, grab the first simpleton who digs him and whisk her off to the suburbs as fast as he can. The male cannot progress socially, but merely swings back and forth from isolation to gang-banging.

CONFORMITY

Although he wants to be an individual, the male is scared of anything in himself that is the slightest bit different from other men: it causes him to suspect that he’s not really a “Man,” that he’s passive and totally sexual, a highly upsetting suspicion. If other men are “A” and he’s not, he must not be a man; he must be a fag. So he tries to affirm his “Manhood” by being like all the other men. Differentness in other men, as well as himself, threatens him; it means they’re fags whom he must at all costs avoid, so he tries to make sure that all other men conform.

The male dares to be different to the degree that he accepts his passivity and his desire to be female, his fagginess. The farthest-out male is the drag queen, but he, although different from most men, is exactly like all the other drag queens; like the functionalist, he has an identity – he is female. He tries to define all his troubles away – but still no individuality. Not completely convinced that he’s a woman, highly insecure about being sufficiently female, he conforms compulsively to the man-made stereotype, ending up as nothing but a bundle of stilted mannerisms.

To be sure he’s a “Man,” the male must see to it that the female be clearly a “Woman,” the opposite of a “Man,” that is, the female must act like a faggot. And Daddy’s Girl, all of whose female instincts were wrenched out of her when little, easily and obligingly adapts herself to the role.

AUTHORITY AND GOVERNMENT

Having no sense of right and wrong, no conscience, which can only stem from having an ability to empathize with others ... having no faith in his non-existent self, being unnecessarily competitive, and by nature, unable to cooperate, the male feels a need for external guidance and control. So he created authorities – priests, experts, bosses, leaders, etc. – and government. Wanting the female (Mama) to guide him, but unable to accept this fact (he is, after all, a Man), wanting to play Woman, to usurp her function as Guider and Protector, he sees to it that all authorities are male.

There's no reason why a society consisting of rational beings capable of empathizing with each other, complete and having no natural reason to compete, should have a government, laws or leaders.

PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, AND MORALITY BASED ON SEX

The male's inability to relate to anybody or anything makes his life pointless and meaningless (the ultimate male insight is that life is absurd), so he invented philosophy and religion. Being empty, he looks outward, not only for guidance and control, but for salvation and for the meaning of life. Happiness being for him impossible on this earth, he invented Heaven.

For a man, having no ability to empathize with others and being totally sexual, "wrong" is sexual "license" and engaging in "deviant" ("unmanly") sexual practices, that is, not defending against his passivity and total sexuality which, if indulged, would destroy "civilization," since "civilization" is based entirely upon the male need to defend himself against these characteristics. For a woman (according to men), "wrong" is any behavior that would entice men into sexual "license" – that is, not placing male needs above her own and not being a faggot.

Religion not only provides the male with a goal (Heaven) and helps keep women tied to men, but offers rituals through which he can try to expiate the guilt and shame he feels at not defending himself enough against his sexual impulses; in essence, that guilt and shame he feels at being male.

Most men, utterly cowardly, project their inherent weaknesses onto women, label them female weaknesses and believe themselves to have female strengths; most philosophers, not quite so cowardly, face the fact that male lacks exist in men, but still can't face the fact that they exist in men only. So they label the male condition the Human Condition, posit their nothingness problem, which horrifies them, as a philosophical dilemma, thereby giving stature to their animalism, grandiloquently label their nothingness their "Identity Problem," and proceed to prattle on pompously about the "Crisis of the Individual," the "Essence of Being," "Existence preceding Essence," "Existential Modes of Being," etc., etc.

A woman not only takes her identity and individuality for granted, but knows instinctively that the only wrong is to hurt others, and that the meaning of life is love.

PREJUDICE (RACIAL, ETHNIC, RELIGIOUS, ETC.)

The male needs scapegoats onto whom he can project his failings and inadequacies and upon whom he can vent his frustration at not being female. And the vicarious discriminations have the practical advantage of substantially increasing the pussy pool available to the men on top.

COMPETITION, PRESTIGE, STATUS, FORMAL EDUCATION, IGNORANCE AND SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CLASSES

Having an obsessive desire to be admired by women, but no intrinsic worth, the male constructs a highly artificial society enabling him to appropriate the appearance of worth through money, prestige, "high" social class, degrees, professional position and knowledge and, by pushing as many other men as possible down professionally, socially, economically, and educationally.

The purpose of "higher" education is not to educate but to exclude as many as possible from the various professions.

The male, totally physical, incapable of mental rapport, although able to understand and use knowledge and ideas, is unable to relate to them, to

grasp them emotionally: he does not value knowledge and ideas for their own sake (they're just means to ends) and, consequently, feels no need for mental companions, no need to cultivate the intellectual potentialities of others. On the contrary, the male has a vested interest in ignorance; it gives the few knowledgeable men a decided edge on the unknowledgeable ones, and besides, the male knows that an enlightened, aware female population will mean the end of him. The healthy, conceited female wants the company of equals whom she can respect and groove on; the male and the sick, insecure, unself-confident male-female crave the company of worms.

No genuine social revolution can be accomplished by the male, as the male on top wants the status quo, and all the male on the bottom wants is to be the male on top. The male "rebel" is a farce; this is the male's "society," made by him to satisfy his needs. He's never satisfied, because he's not capable of being satisfied. Ultimately, what the male "rebel" is rebelling against is being male. The male changes only when forced to do so by technology, when he has no choice, when "society" reaches the stage where he must change or die. We're at that stage now; if women don't get their asses in gear fast, we may very well all die.

PREVENTION OF CONVERSATION

Being completely self-centered and unable to relate to anything outside himself, the male's "conversation," when not about himself, is an impersonal droning on, removed from anything of human value. Male "intellectual conversation" is a strained compulsive attempt to impress the female.

Daddy's Girl, passive, adaptable, respectful of and in awe of the male, allows him to impose his hideously dull chatter on her. This is not too difficult for her, as the tension and anxiety, the lack of cool, the insecurity and self-doubt, the unsureness of her own feelings and sensations that Daddy instilled in her make her perceptions superficial and render her unable to see that the male's babble is babble; like the aesthete "appreciating" the blob that's labeled "Great Art," she believes she's grooving on what bores the shit out of her. Not only does she permit his babble to dominate, she adapts her own "conversation" accordingly.

Trained from an early childhood in niceness, politeness and “dignity,” in pandering to the male need to disguise his animalism, she obligingly reduces her own “conversation” to small talk, a bland, insipid avoidance of any topic beyond the utterly trivial – or is “educated,” to “intellectual” discussion, that is, impersonal discoursing on irrelevant distractions – the Gross National Product, the Common Market, the influence of Rimbaud on symbolist painting. So adept is she at pandering that it eventually becomes second nature and she continues to pander to men even when in the company of other females only.

Apart from pandering, her “conversation” is further limited by her insecurity about expressing deviant, original opinions and the self-absorption based on insecurity and that prevents her conversation from being charming. Niceness, politeness, “dignity,” insecurity and self-absorption are hardly conducive to intensity and wit, qualities a conversation must have to be worthy of the name. Such conversation is hardly rampant, as only completely self-confident, arrogant, outgoing, proud, tough-minded females are capable of intense, bitchy, witty conversation.

PREVENTION OF FRIENDSHIP (LOVE)

Men have contempt for themselves, for all other men whom they contemplate more than casually and whom they do not think are females, (for example “sympathetic” analysts and “Great Artists”) or agents of God and for all women who respect and pander to them: the insecure, approval-seeking, pandering male-females have contempt for themselves and for all women like them: the self-confident, swinging, thrill-seeking female-females have contempt for me and for the pandering male-females. In short, contempt is the order of the day.

Love is not dependency or sex, but friendship, and therefore, love can’t exist between two males, between a male and a female, or between two females, one or both of whom is a mindless, insecure, pandering male; like conversation, love can exist only between two secure, free-wheeling, independent groovy female-females, since friendship is based upon respect, not contempt.

Even amongst groovy females deep friendships seldom occur in adulthood, as almost all of them are either tied up with men in order to survive economically, or bogged down in hacking their way through the jungle and in trying to keep their heads about the amorphous mass. Love can't flourish in a society based upon money and meaningless work: it requires complete economic as well as personal freedom, leisure time and the opportunity to engage in intensely absorbing, emotionally satisfying activities which, when shared with those you respect, lead to deep friendship. Our "society" provides practically no opportunity to engage in such activities.

Having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love, the male offers us these paltry substitutes:

"GREAT ART" AND "CULTURE"

The male "artist" attempts to solve his dilemma of not being able to live, of not being female, by constructing a highly artificial world in which the male is heroized, that is, displays female traits, and the female is reduced to highly limited, insipid subordinate roles, that is, to being male.

The male "artistic" aim being, not to communicate (having nothing inside him he has nothing to say), but to disguise his animalism, he resorts to symbolism and obscurity ("deep" stuff). The vast majority of people, particularly the "educated" ones, lacking faith in their own judgment, humble, respectful of authority ("Daddy knows best"), are easily conned into believing that obscurity, evasiveness, incomprehensibility, indirectness, ambiguity and boredom are marks of depth and brilliance.

"Great Art" proves that men are superior to women, that men are women, being labeled "Great Art," almost all of which, as the anti-feminists are fond of reminding us, was created by men. We know that "Great Art" is great because male authorities have told us so, and we can't claim otherwise, as only those with exquisite sensitivities far superior to ours can perceive and appreciate the slop they appreciate.

Appreciating is the sole diversion of the “cultivated”; passive and incompetent, lacking imagination and wit, they must try to make do with that; unable to create their own diversions, to create a little world of their own, to affect in the smallest way their environments, they must accept what’s given; unable to create or relate, they spectate. Absorbing “culture” is a desperate, frantic attempt to groove in an ungroovy world, to escape the horror of a sterile, mindless, existence. “Culture” provides a sop to the egos of the incompetent, a means of rationalizing passive spectating; they can pride themselves on their ability to appreciate the “finer” things, to see a jewel where this is only a turd (they want to be admired for admiring). Lacking faith in their ability to change anything, resigned to the status quo, they have to see beauty in turds because, so far as they can see, turds are all they’ll ever have.

The veneration of “Art” and “Culture” – besides leading many women into boring, passive activity that distracts from more important and rewarding activities, from cultivating active abilities – leads to the constant intrusion on our sensibilities of pompous dissertations on the deep beauty of this and that turn. This allows the “artist” to be set up as one possessing superior feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments, thereby undermining the faith of insecure women in the value and validity of their own feelings, perceptions, insights and judgments.

The male, having a very limited range of feelings, and consequently, very limited perceptions, insights and judgments, needs the “artist” to guide him, to tell him what life is all about. But the male “artist” being totally sexual, unable to relate to anything beyond his own physical sensations, having nothing to express beyond the insight that for the male life is meaningless and absurd, cannot be an artist. How can he who is not capable of life tell us what life is all about? A “male artist” is a contradiction in terms. A degenerate can only produce degenerate “art.” The true artist is every self-confident, healthy female, and in a female society the only Art, the only Culture, will be conceited, kooky, funky, females grooving on each other and on everything else in the universe.

SEXUALITY

Sex is not part of a relationship: on the contrary, it is a solitary experience, non-creative, a gross waste of time. The female can easily – far more easily than she may think – condition away her sex drive, leaving her completely cool and cerebral and free to pursue truly worthy relationships and activities; but the male, who seems to dig women sexually and who seeks constantly to arouse them, stimulates the highly sexed female to frenzies of lust, throwing her into a sex bag from which few women ever escape. The lecherous male excited the lustful female; he has to – when the female transcends her body, rises above animalism, the male, whose ego consists of his cock, will disappear.

Sex is the refuge of the mindless. And the more mindless the woman, the more deeply embedded in the male “culture,” in short, the nicer she is, the more sexual she is. The nicest women in our “society” are raving sex maniacs. But, being just awfully, awfully nice, they don’t, of course descend to fucking – that’s uncouth – rather they make love, commune by means of their bodies and establish sensual rapport; the literary ones are attuned to the throb of Eros and attain a clutch upon the Universe; the religious have spiritual communion with the Divine Sensualism; the mystics merge with the Erotic Principle and blend with the Cosmos, and the acid heads contact their erotic cells.

On the other hand, those females least embedded in the male “culture,” the least nice, those crass and simple souls who reduce fucking to fucking, who are too childish for the grown-up world of suburbs, mortgages, mops and baby shit, too selfish to raise kids and husbands, too uncivilized to give a shit for anyone’s opinion of them, too arrogant to respect Daddy, the “Greats” or the deep wisdom of the Ancients, who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate Culture with chicks, whose sole diversion is prowling for emotional thrills and excitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty upsetting “scenes,” hateful, violent bitches given to slamming those who unduly irritate them in the teeth, who’d sink a shiv into a man’s chest or ram an ice pick up his asshole as soon as look at him, if they knew they could get away with it, in short, those who, by the standards of our “culture” are SCUM ... these females are cool and relatively cerebral and skirting asexuality.

Unhampered by propriety, niceness, discretion, public opinion, “morals,” the respect of assholes, always funky, dirty, low-down SCUM gets around ... and around and around ... they’ve seen the whole show – every bit of it – the fucking scene, the dyke scene – they’ve covered the whole waterfront, been under every dock and pier – the peter pier, the pussy pier ... you’ve got to go through a lot of sex to get to anti-sex, and SCUM’s been through it all, and they’re now ready for a new show; they want to crawl out from other the dock, move, take off, sink out. But SCUM doesn’t yet prevail; SCUM’s still in the gutter of our “society,” which, if it’s not deflected from its present course and if the Bomb doesn’t drop on it, will hump itself to death.

BOREDOM

Life in a society made by and for creatures who, when they are not grim and depressing are utter bores, can only be, when not grim and depressing, an utter bore.

SECRECY, CENSORSHIP, SUPPRESSION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS, AND EXPOSÉS

Every male’s deep-seated, secret, most hideous fear is of being discovered to be not a female, but a male, a subhuman animal. Although niceness, politeness and “dignity” suffice to prevent his exposure on a personal level, in order to prevent the general exposure of the male sex as a whole and to maintain his unnatural dominant position in “society,” the male must resort to:

1. Censorship. Responding reflexively to isolated works and phrases rather than cerebrally to overall meanings, the male attempts to prevent the arousal and discovery of his animalism by censoring not only “pornography,” but any work containing “dirty” words, no matter in what context they are used.
2. Suppression of all ideas and knowledge that might expose him or threaten his dominant position in “society.” Much biological and psychological data is suppressed, because it is proof of the male’s

gross inferiority to the female. Also, the problem of mental illness will never be solved while the male maintains control, because first, men have a vested interest in it – only females who have very few of their marbles will allow males the slightest bit of control over anything, and second, the male cannot admit to the role that fatherhood plays in causing mental illness.

3. Exposés. The male's chief delight in life – insofar as the tense, grim male can ever be said to delight in anything – is in exposing others. It doesn't much matter what they're exposed as, so long as they're exposed; it distracts attention from himself. Exposing others as enemy agents (Communists and Socialists) is one of his favorite pastimes, as it removes the source of the threat to him not only from himself, but from the country and the Western world. The bugs up his ass aren't in him, they're in Russia.

DISTRUST

Unable to empathize or feel affection or loyalty, being exclusively out for himself, the male has no sense of fair play; cowardly, needing constantly to pander to the female to win her approval, that he is helpless without, always on the edge lest his animalism, his maleness, be discovered, always needing to cover up, he must lie constantly; being empty he has not honor or integrity – he doesn't know what those words mean. The male, in short, is treacherous, and the only appropriate attitude in a male “society” is cynicism and distrust.

UGLINESS

Being totally sexual, incapable of cerebral or aesthetic responses, totally materialistic and greedy, the male, besides inflicting on the world “Great Art,” has decorated his unlandscaped cities with ugly buildings (both inside and out), ugly decors, billboards, highways, cars, garbage trucks, and, most notably, his own putrid self.

HATRED AND VIOLENCE

The male is eaten up with tension, with frustration at not being female, at not being capable of ever achieving satisfaction or pleasure of any kind; eaten up with hate – not rational hate that is directed at those who abuse or insult you – but irrational, indiscriminate hate ... hatred, at bottom, of his own worthless self.

Gratuitous violence, besides “proving” he’s a “Man,” serves as an outlet for his hate and, in addition – the male being capable only of sexual responses and needing very strong stimuli to stimulate his half-dead self – provides him with a little sexual thrill.

DISEASE AND DEATH

All diseases are curable, and the aging process and death are due to disease; it is possible, therefore, never to age and to live forever. In fact the problems of aging and death could be solved within a few years, if an all-out, massive scientific assault were made upon the problem. This, however, will not occur with the male establishment because:

1. The many male scientists who shy away from biological research, terrified of the discovery that males are females, and show marked preference for virile, “manly” war and death programs.
2. The discouragement of many potential scientists from scientific careers by the rigidity, boringness, expensiveness, time-consumingness, and unfair exclusivity of our “higher” education system.
3. Propaganda disseminated by insecure male professionals, who jealously guard their positions, so that only a highly select few can comprehend abstract scientific concepts.
4. Widespread lack of self-confidence brought about by the father system that discourages many talented girls from becoming scientists.

5. Lack of automation. There now exists a wealth of data which, if sorted out and correlated, would reveal the cure for cancer and several other diseases and possibly the key to life itself. But the data is so massive it requires high-speed computers to correlate it all. The institution of computers will be delayed interminably under the male control system, since the male has a horror of being replaced by machines.

6. The money system's insatiable need for new products. Most of the few scientists around who aren't working on death programs are tied up doing research for corporations.

7. The male likes death – it excites him sexually and, already dead inside, he wants to die.

8. The bias of the money system for the least creative scientists. Most scientists come from at least relatively affluent families where Daddy reigns supreme.

Incapable of a positive state of happiness, which is the only thing that can justify one's existence, the male is, at best, relaxed, comfortable, neutral, and this condition is extremely short-lived, as boredom, a negative state, soon sets in; he is, therefore, doomed to an existence of suffering relieved only by occasional, fleeting stretches of restfulness, which state he can only achieve at the expense of some female. The male is, by his very nature, a leech, an emotional parasite and, therefore, not ethically entitled to live, as no one has the right to life at someone else's expense.

Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved and having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men. The elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy.

However, this moral issue will eventually be rendered academic by the fact that the male is gradually eliminating himself. In addition to engaging in the time-honored and classical wars and race riots, men are more and more either becoming fags or are obliterating themselves through drugs. The female, whether she likes it or not, will eventually take complete charge, if for no other reason than that she will have to – the male, for practical purposes, won't exist.

Accelerating this trend is the fact that more and more males are acquiring enlightened self-interest; they're realizing more and more that the female interest is in their interest, that they can live only through the female and that the more the female is encouraged to live, to fulfill herself, to be a female and not a male, the more nearly he lives; he's coming to see that it's easier and more satisfactory to live through her than to try to become her and usurp her qualities, claim them as his own, push the female down and claim that she's a male. The fag, who accepts his maleness, that is, his passivity and total sexuality, his femininity, is also best served by women being truly female, as it would then be easier for him to be male, feminine. If men were wise they would seek to become really female, would do intensive biological research that would lead to them, by means of operations on the brain and nervous system, being able to be transformed in psyche, as well as body, into women.

Whether to continue to use females for reproduction or to reproduce in the laboratory will also become academic: what will happen when every female, twelve and over, is routinely taking the Pill and there are no longer any accidents? How many women will deliberately get or (if an accident) remain pregnant? No, Virginia, women don't just adore being brood mares, despite what the mass of robot, brainwashed women will say. When society consists of only the fully conscious the answer will be none. Should a certain percentage of men be set aside by force to serve as brood mares for the species? Obviously this will not do. The answer is laboratory reproduction of babies.

As for the issue of whether or not to continue to reproduce males, it doesn't follow that because the male, like disease, has always existed among us that

he should continue to exist. When genetic control is possible – and soon it will be – it goes without saying that we should produce only whole, complete beings, not physical defects or deficiencies, including emotional deficiencies, such as maleness. Just as the deliberate production of blind people would be highly immoral, so would be the deliberate production of emotional cripples.

Why produce even females? Why should there be future generations? What is their purpose? When aging and death are eliminated, why continue to reproduce? Why should we care what happens when we're dead? Why should we care that there is no younger generation to succeed us?

Eventually the natural course of events, of social evolution, will lead to total female control of the world and, subsequently, to the cessation of the production of males and, ultimately, to the cessation of the production of females.

But SCUM is impatient; SCUM is not consoled by the thought that future generations will thrive; SCUM wants to grab some thrilling living for itself. And, if a large majority of women were SCUM, they could acquire complete control of this country within a few weeks simply by withdrawing from the labor force, thereby paralyzing the entire nation. Additional measures, any one of which would be sufficient to completely disrupt the economy and everything else, would be for women to declare themselves off the money system, stop buying, just loot and simply refuse to obey all laws they don't care to obey. The police force, National Guard, Army, Navy and Marines combined couldn't squelch a rebellion of over half the population, particularly when it's made up of people they are utterly helpless without.

If all women simply left men, refused to have anything to do with any of them – ever – all men, the government, and the national economy would collapse completely. Even without leaving men, women who are aware of the extent of their superiority to and power over men, could acquire complete control over everything within a few weeks, could effect a total submission of males to females. In a sane society the male would trot along

obediently after the female. The male is docile and easily led, easily subjected to the domination of any female who cares to dominate him. The male, in fact, wants desperately to be led by females, wants Mama in charge, wants to abandon himself to her care. But this is not a sane society, and most women are not even dimly aware of where they're at in relation to men.

The conflict, therefore, is not between females and males, but between SCUM – dominant, secure, self-confident, nasty, violent, selfish, independent, proud, thrill-seeking, free-wheeling, arrogant females, who consider themselves fit to rule the universe, who have free-wheeled to the limits of this “society” and are ready to wheel on to something far beyond what it has to offer – and nice, passive, accepting “cultivated,” polite, dignified, subdued, dependent, scared, mindless, insecure, approval-seeking Daddy's Girls, who can't cope with the unknown, who want to hang back with the apes, who feel secure only with Big Daddy standing by, with a big strong man to lean on and with a fat, hairy face in the White House, who are too cowardly to face up to the hideous reality of what a man is, what Daddy is, who have cast their lot with the swine, who have adapted themselves to animalism, feel superficially comfortable with it and know no other way of “life,” who have reduced their minds, thoughts and sights to the male level, who, lacking sense, imagination and wit can have value only in a male “society,” who can have a place in the sun, or, rather, in the slime, only as soothers, ego boosters, relaxers and breeders, who are dismissed as inconsequents by other females, who project their deficiencies, their maleness, onto all females and see the female as worm.

But SCUM is too impatient to wait for the de-brainwashing of millions of assholes. Why should the swinging females continue to plod dismally along with the dull male ones? Why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? Why should the active and imaginative consult the passive and dull on social policy? Why should the independent be confined to the sewer along with the dependent who need Daddy to cling to? A small handful of SCUM can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property, and murder.

SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force; they will get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example, SCUM salesgirls will not charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators will not charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers, in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM will unwork at a job until fired, then get a new job to unwork at.

SCUM will forcibly relieve bus drivers, cab drivers and subway token sellers of their jobs and run buses and cabs and dispense free tokens to the public.

SCUM will destroy all useless and harmful objects – cars, store windows, “Great Art,” etc.

Eventually SCUM will take over the airwaves – radio and TV networks – by forcibly relieving of their jobs all radio and TV employees who would impede SCUM’s entry into the broadcasting studios.

SCUM will couple-bust – barge into mixed (male–female) couples, wherever they are, and bust them up.

SCUM will kill all men who are not in the Men’s Auxiliary of SCUM. Men in the Men’s Auxiliary are those men who are working diligently to eliminate themselves, men who, regardless of their motives, do good, men who are playing pall with SCUM. A few examples of the men in the Men’s Auxiliary are: men who kill men; biological scientists who are working on constructive programs, as opposed to biological warfare; journalists, writers, editors, publishers and producers who disseminate and promote ideas that will lead to the achievement of SCUM’s goals; faggots who, by their shimmering, flaming example, encourage other men to de-man themselves and thereby make themselves relatively inoffensive; men who consistently give things away – money, things, services; men who tell it like it is (so far not one ever has), who put women straight, who reveal the truth about themselves, who give the mindless male-females correct sentences to parrot, who tell them a woman’s primary goal in life should be to squash the male sex (to aid men in this endeavor SCUM will conduct Turd Sessions, at

which every male present will give a speech beginning with the sentence: “I am a turd, a lowly abject turd,” then proceed to list all the ways in which he is. His reward for doing so will be the opportunity to fraternize after the session for a whole, solid hour with the SCUM who will be present. Nice, clean-living male women will be invited to the sessions to help clarify any doubts and misunderstandings they may have about the male sex); makers and promoters of sex books and movies, etc., who are hastening the day when all that will be shown on the screen will be Suck and Fuck (males, like the rats following the Pied Piper, will be lured by Pussy to their doom, will be overcome and submerged by and will eventually drown in the passive flesh that they are); drug pushers and advocates, who are hastening the dropping out of men.

Being in the Men’s Auxiliary is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for making SCUM’s escape list; it’s not enough to do good; to save their worthless asses men must also avoid evil. A few examples of the most obnoxious or harmful types are: rapists, politicians and all who are in their service (campaigners, members of political parties, etc.); lousy singers and musicians; Chairmen of Boards; Breadwinners; landlords; owners of greasy spoons and restaurants that play Muzak; “Great Artists”; cheap pikers and welchers; cops; tycoons; scientists working on death and destruction programs or for private industry (practically all scientists); liars and phonies; disc jockeys; men who intrude themselves in the slightest way on any strange female; real estate men; stock brokers; men who speak when they have nothing to say; men who sit idly on the street and mar the landscape with their presence; double dealers; flim-flam artists; litterbugs; plagiarizers; men who in the slightest way harm any female; all men in the advertising industry; psychiatrists and clinical psychologists; dishonest writers, journalists, editors, publishers, etc.; censors on both the public and private levels; all members of the armed forces, including draftees (LBJ and McNamara give orders, but servicemen carry them out) and particularly pilots (if the bomb drops, LBJ won’t drop it; a pilot will). In the case of a man whose behavior falls into both the good and bad categories, an overall subjective evaluation of him will be made to determine if his behavior is, in the balance, good or bad.

It is most tempting to pick off the female “Great Artists,” liars and phonies, etc., along with the men, but that would be inexpedient, as it would not be clear to most of the public that the female killed was a male. All women have a fink streak in them, to a greater or lesser degree, but it stems from a lifetime of living among men. Eliminate men and women will shape up. Women are improvable; men are not, although their behavior is. When SCUM gets hot on their asses it’ll shape up fast.

Simultaneously with the fucking-up, looting, couple-busting, destroying and killing, SCUM will recruit. SCUM, then, will consist of recruiters, the Elite corps – the hard-core activists (the fuck-ups, looters and destroyers) and the Elite of the Elite – the killers.

Dropping out is not the answer; fucking-up is. Most women are already dropped out; they were never in. Dropping out gives control to those few who don’t drop out; dropping out is exactly what the establishment leaders want; it plays into the hands of the enemy; it strengthens the system instead of undermining it, since it is based entirely on the non-participating, passivity, apathy and non-involvement of the mass of women. Dropping out, however, is an excellent policy for men, and SCUM will enthusiastically encourage it.

Looking inside yourself for salvation, contemplating your navel, is not, as the Drop Out people would have you believe, the answer. Happiness lies outside yourself, is achieved through interacting with others. Self-forgetfulness should be one’s goal, not self-absorption. The male, capable of only the latter, makes a virtue of irremediable fault and sets up self-absorption, not only as a good but as a Philosophical Good, and thus gets credit for being deep.

SCUM will not picket, demonstrate, march or strike to attempt to achieve its ends. Such tactics are for nice, genteel ladies who scrupulously take only such action as is guaranteed to be ineffective. In addition, only decent, clean-living male women, highly trained in submerging themselves in the species, act on a mob basis. SCUM consists of individuals; SCUM is not a mob, a blob. Only as many SCUM will do a job as are needed for the job.

Also SCUM, being cool and selfish, will not subject to getting itself rapped on the head with billy clubs; that's for the nice, "privileged, educated," middle-class ladies with a high regard for the touching faith in the essential goodness of Daddy and policemen. If SCUM ever marches, it will be over the President's stupid, sickening face; if SCUM ever strikes, it will be in the dark with a six-inch blade.

SCUM will always operate on a criminal as opposed to a civil disobedience basis, that is, as opposed to openly violating the law and going to jail in order to draw attention to an injustice. Such tactics acknowledge the rightness of the overall system and are used only to modify it slightly, change specific laws. SCUM is against the entire system, the very idea of law and government. SCUM is out to destroy the system, not attain certain rights within it. Also, SCUM – always selfish, always cool – will always aim to avoid detection and punishment. SCUM will always be furtive, sneaky, underhanded (although SCUM murders will always be known to be such).

Both destruction and killing will be selective and discriminate. SCUM is against half-crazed, indiscriminate riots, with no clear objective in mind, and in which many of your own kind are picked off. SCUM will never instigate, encourage or participate in riots of any kind or other form of indiscriminate destruction. SCUM will coolly, furtively, stalk its prey and quietly move in for the kill. Destruction will never be such as to block off routes needed for the transportation of food or other essential supplies, contaminate or cut off the water supply, block streets and traffic to the extent that ambulances can't get through or impede the functioning of hospitals.

SCUM will keep on destroying, looting, fucking-up and killing until the money-work system no longer exists and automation is completely instituted or until enough women cooperate with SCUM to make violence unnecessary to achieve these goals, that is, until enough women either unwork or quit work, start looting, leave men and refuse to obey all laws inappropriate to a truly civilized society. Many women will fall into line, but many others, who surrendered long ago to the enemy, who are so

adapted to animalism, to maleness, that they like restrictions and restraints, don't know what to do with freedom, will continue to be toadies and doormats, just as peasants in rice paddies remain peasants in rice paddies as one regime topples another. A few of the more volatile will whimper and sulk and throw their toys and dishrags on the floor, but SCUM will continue to steamroller over them.

A completely automated society can be accomplished very simply and quickly once there is a public demand for it. The blueprints for it are already in existence, and its construction will take only a few weeks with millions of people working on it. Even though off the money system, everyone will be most happy to pitch in and get the automated society built; it will mark the beginning of a fantastic new era, and there will be a celebration atmosphere accompanying the construction.

The elimination of money and the complete institution of automation are basic to all other SCUM reforms; without these two the others can't take place; with them the others will take place very rapidly. The government will automatically collapse. With complete automation it will be possible for every woman to vote directly on every issue by means of an electronic voting machine in her house. Since the government is occupied almost entirely with regulating economic affairs and legislating against purely private matters, the elimination of money and with it the elimination of males who wish to legislate "morality" will mean there will be practically no issues to vote on.

After the elimination of money there will be no further need to kill men; they will be stripped of the only power they have over psychologically independent females. They will be able to impose themselves only on the doormats, who like to be imposed on. The rest of the women will be busy solving the few remaining unsolved problems before planning their agenda for eternity and Utopia – completely revamping educational programs so that millions of women can be trained within a few months for high level intellectual work that now requires years of training (this can be done very easily once our educational goal is to educate and not perpetuate an academic and intellectual elite); solving the problems of disease and old age

and death and completely redesigning our cities and living quarters. Many women will for a while continue to think they dig men, but as they become accustomed to female society and as they become absorbed in their projects, they will eventually come to see the utter uselessness and banality of the male.

The few remaining men can exist out their puny days dropped out on drugs or strutting around in drag or passively watching the high-powered female in action, fulfilling themselves as spectators, vicarious livers* or breeding in the cow pasture with the toadies, or they can go off to the nearest friendly suicide center where they will be quietly, quickly, and painlessly gassed to death.

Prior to the institution of automation, to the replacement of males by machines, the male should be of use to the female, wait on her, cater to her slightest whim, obey her every command, be totally subservient to her, exist in perfect obedience to her will, as opposed to the completely warped, degenerate situation we have now of men, not only not existing at all, cluttering up the world with their ignominious presence, but being pandered to and groveled before by the mass of females, millions of women piously worshiping the Golden Calf, the dog leading the master on a leash, when in fact the male, short of being a drag queen, is least miserable when his dogginess is recognized – no unrealistic emotional demands are made of him and the completely together female is calling the shots. Rational men want to be squashed, stepped on, crushed and crunched, treated as the curs, the filth that they are, have their repulsiveness confirmed.

The sick, irrational men, those who attempt to defend themselves against their disgustingness, when they see SCUM barreling down on them, will cling in terror to Big Mama with her Big Bouncy Boobies, but Boobies won't protect them against SCUM; Big Mama will be clinging to Big Daddy, who will be in the corner shitting in his forceful, dynamic pants. Men who are rational, however, won't kick or struggle or raise a distressing fuss, but will just sit back, relax, enjoy the show and ride the waves to their demise.

* It will be electronically possible for them to tune into any specific female they want to and follow in detail her every movement. The females will kindly, obligingly consent to this, as it won't hurt them in the slightest and it is a marvelously kind and humane way to treat their unfortunate, handicapped fellow beings.